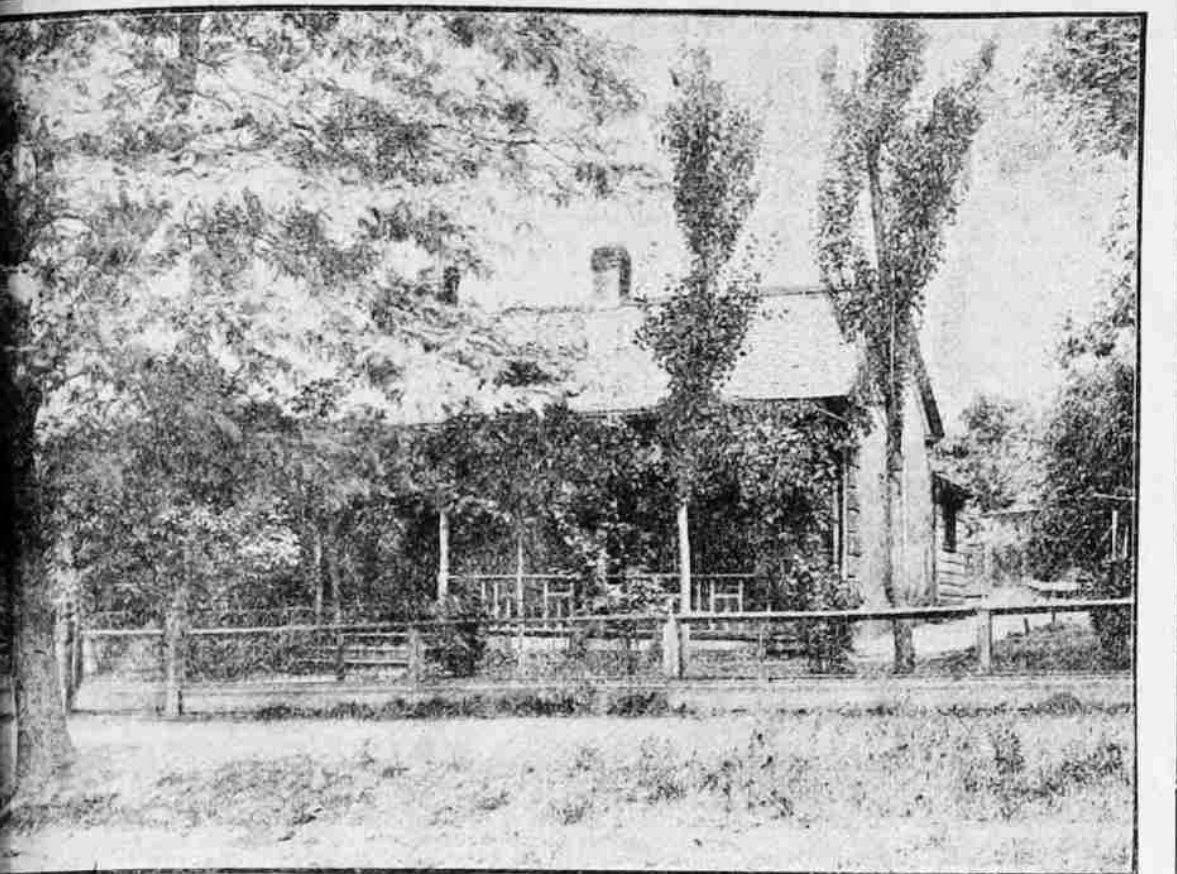


Like a Weird Tale of Poe Is That of a Salt Lake Cottage



HOME OF TRAGEDY, WITH ITS TREES AND VINE-EMPOWERED PORCH.

It is a story connected with a certain Salt Lake City which is related to make the most skeptical superstitions. Even the tales of Poe pale in their horror before the record of human events which seems always to follow the owners of this paragon. Hawthorne might have seen deep psychological reasons in this remarkable history. However, it may be said that there is something about the fatality which seems to those whose interests have been connected with the property.

--- An Impression of "Dixie" --- Utah's Wonderland ---

WHENEVER the band plays "Away Down South in Dixie," my dreams will not be of the days of confederacy as of yore. I shall see instead, a little red town, with its red sand-paved streets, streams flowing with red liquid, and the red sand bench with its high sweep looking over the town; I shall see—but I cannot tell it all in a moment, for to me there is no spot in the State more wonderful than the Dixieland of Utah. Perhaps it was my previous ignorance of conditions in southern Utah which filled my summer trip with such interest. Of course I had heard of the volcanoes and earthquakes, but the minor details which surprise in a new country. And Dixie is different from any other part of Utah. The train-ride down to Modena was not unusual except for slowness and bumps. For landscape was a dreary waste of desert. But I find where ever I go as if in divine recompense, the skies are always beautiful, thanks be unto the Lord. A traveling house now and then on the sunbaked waste made one sympathetically heart sick with loneliness. A rakish store, a station, a shanty, three or four soiled youngsters in the doorway—this denominated a town. I can put my finger on the map at intervals along that road, and you will see the names, Oh, Chicago, Oh, Greater New York! what humiliation must follow knowing that your spots on the map are no larger than those made by the desert "towns".

Arrival at Modena. We had been riding all night and one day, when we reached the terminus of the railroad, a half-dozen frame buildings known as Modena. Through a mistake it was necessary to remain here all night. In one of the hotels to my surprise I found a good piano, in tune, which seemed to be the time of the early dawn. With the stage-driver's little boy, I started for St. George. Beginning by wearing a jacket that day, I experienced more varieties of temperature than in any other part of the same length—from nipping frost to tropical heat in thirteen hours. The first few miles are rather pleasant but after that one long to see St. George over the next hill, and then the next, and then the next, and then it begins to dawn on you just exactly what the Bible means when it says "without beginning and without end"—it is the road to Dixie. People go to St. George for their health, and it is said that if a man can survive that trip to Dixie, he will live a long time. The road is a hell of a ride, and it is said that if a man can survive that trip to Dixie, he will live a long time. The road is a hell of a ride, and it is said that if a man can survive that trip to Dixie, he will live a long time.

Black Volcanic Mounds. Gigantic, intensely black volcanic mounds raise their yawning craters, suggesting the terrible ravines enacted by nature not very long ago. In this region there have been vast upheavals, the stratification being at right angles, crossed, undulating, twisted. Not far from the black craters stretches a bed of sand in gleaming whiteness, just beyond rising from a canyon, formed by the black lava flow, rise cliffs and peaks of a beautiful pink and white, without vegetation or apparent stratification, looking as though they might have cooled instantly while being poured upon the earth by some giant. Beyond is a valley where grows in native beauty the graceful tamarack tree, but one forgets this in an emotion akin to depression at sight of this country, paralyzed in a mighty convulsion, the lakes of fire petrified in their flow. Finally after the sun has set, we see the cottages and trees in the hollow shadowed by the red sand bench and the long black hill with its ship gone from the central part known as the Devil's saddle. Almost the first object of notice is

attested suit in the Third District court against John M. Stout, in which an administrator he claimed title to the fatal property and asked that the said Stout be forever enjoined and debared from asserting any claim whatever in or to the said real property adverse to the plaintiff.

On October 5, 1901, in the District court for the Northern District of West Virginia John M. Stout, alias John M. Stone, was adjudged a bankrupt and the Union Trust and Deposit company, a West Virginia corporation, was made trustee in bankruptcy. Suit was brought by the said trustee against Frank H. Clark, administrator of the estate of Martha Reeves, Elizabeth Ann Reeves, and John M. Stone, alias John M. Stout, to quiet the title of the bankrupt estate to the defendant named in that suit. It was recently stipulated between the attorneys for the respective parties that the house of fatality should go to the trustee in bankruptcy for the benefit of the creditors of John M. Stone and that in lieu of the release \$300 should be deposited with the clerk of the Third District court to abide the final determination of the other issues in the case, there being considerable other property involved in the litigation.

At one time E. M. Onion, the well known auctioneer of this city, moved into this mysterious manse and while living there his wife became ill, and after a long siege of mental and physical suffering finally died there. C. S. Williamson, who was at one time foreman of the Salt Lake Herald, moved into this haunted house, and while apparently well when he leased the premises, he was shortly thereafter attacked by consumption and after a lingering illness of several years he also passed to the Great Beyond. Its present lessee, Frank C. Gattung, who is the manager of the Salt Lake Tent and Avining company, fell from a ladder in front of the Constitution block on Saturdays, July 23, and though the fall was but fifteen feet he sustained injuries which caused an impairment of his reason and necessitated his being placed in a strait-jacket by the attendants at the hospital. It was this last circumstance that has brought to the attention of many the sad history of the house which Mr. Gattung had only recently rented. Is this all coincident? If so, it must be admitted as most peculiar. Perhaps there have been unknown things connected with the walls of that little cottage might tell. Who knows? What uneasy fear has set on foot these disasters? There is no answer from the stillness of the vines and trees, which shadow and hide it.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Knowing that I have found a positive cure for dyspepsia and most stomach troubles, I do not hesitate to urge every sufferer to try this new vegetable pepsin. I know that it will cure Dyspepsia. I know that it will cure Nervousness. I know that it will cure Sleeplessness. I know that it will give strength to the weak. I know it from the testimony of hundreds of people that it has cured. I know it so surely and believe in it so completely that I have put my reputation and my fortune behind it. I want the public to know it as I do, and believe in it as I believe in it. I value your confidence and respect more than I value your money. I earnestly ask every doctor, every chemist, every scientist to carefully investigate the merits of this medicine and then honestly tell the public the truth about it. I want every dyspeptic to try Paw Paw. No matter what remedies you have taken or what doctors you have consulted; no matter how many years you have suffered, get a bottle and see how speedily you will be benefited and how quickly you will be cured. I want every irritable person, every nervous person, every weak person, every person who cannot sleep, to get a bottle of Paw Paw. Take it according to directions and notice how quickly it will soothe and calm the nerves; how soon it will give vigor and strength to the whole system, and enable you to sleep restfully and soundly. Don't take Whiskey! Don't take Beer! Don't take narcotics, which are worse than either of them. Remember Paw Paw exhilarates but does not intoxicate. It lifts you out of despondency into the high altitude of hopes and holds you there. Set aside all drugs, all medicines, all stimulants, and give Paw Paw a fair trial, and you will have cause to give your heartfelt thanks to Yours Very Truly, MUNYON.

Large size bottles can be had at any drug store; \$1 per bottle. Paw Paw Laxative Pills, for those who need a gentle laxative or an active cathartic, 25c per bottle.

THE VACUUM CAP FOR Bald Heads SENT ON TRIAL Pay Only if Pleased.

Thousands in Use NOT ONE FAILURE. NOT ONE RETURNED. Throw away all drugs and fake hair tonics, for they do more harm than good. They never did and never will restore a single hair upon any human head. Thousands today today to the VACUUM CAP, the only remedy for baldness. This is nature's method of restoring hair. It is simply a mechanical means of aiding nature in performing her work. It is recommended by every physician who has studied and tested the method, and who universally concede it to be the only certain and reliable means in existence that will actually produce a new growth of hair wherever hair remains. It has been known for centuries past that the blood is the source of all life, but until the invention of the VACUUM CAP there was no known method by which the blood could be made to circulate naturally and freely by mechanical means. It is used by both men and women, and does not interfere with any of the functions of the body. It should be used only a few moments each day. We send it to you on trial. We only want you to say "Thank you, it is not this fair?" You risk nothing. We risk all. We know what it will do and are willing to take all the risk. Send for free particulars. STANDARD APPLIANCE CO. 650 New Nelson Block, Kansas City, Mo.

KOLITZ EXCURSION

To Ogden, Sunday, July 31. Special train leaves D. & R. G. depot 10 a. m. Returning leaves Ogden 10 p. m. Refreshments served free on train. Trout and chicken dinners at the Hermitage. Fare \$1 for the round trip.

BRIDAL VEIL FALLS AND RETURN \$1.25

Via D. & R. G., July 31. Special train via D. & R. G. leaves Salt Lake 8:30 a. m. Returning leaves Upper Falls 8:30 p. m. Grand outing of the Veterans' Firemen. Everybody welcome. Enjoy the cool canyon breezes. Trout and chicken dinners at the Upper Falls resort.

MUNYON'S PAW PAW



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